

The Princess and the Fox

By

James Lucien

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In the heart of the royal rosarium, under the ghostly light of the full moon, I strip off all of my princely clothing and stash it under a rosebush so I may redress after dawn. I plan to spend the night in my sister's bedchamber atop the castle's central tower.

I bark and snap as I surrender to the compulsion of the moonlight and red fur sprouts from my flesh. My teeth grow pointed and my eyesight sharp as a bushy tail juts from my rear while my nose extends into a snout as my fingers and toes develop claws.

I appraise myself with a smile in this half-vulpine state, admiring my fur-covered brawny body. I now have more lean muscle than our greatest knight. Even my prick is grander.

I won't be able to climb the castle in this anthropomorphic form, so I drop to my hands and knees and focus on shifting fully. The were-fox I bribed to bite me didn't explain much. There may be a fair amount of trial and error before I master shifting swiftly.

With a force of magick I may never understand, I shrink into a red fox. The experience is wholly bizarre. The silvery moon seems massive in the night sky and the floral scent of the roses all around me is so potent it is overwhelming.

I dash through the garden, bounding over thorny bushes, enjoying a newfound sense of freedom as I dart forth and scale the outer castle wall.

When I reach the central tower, my long tongue pants from my muzzle as I gaze up at the dizzying height I must nimbly ascend. I circle the large tower, paws padding the roof tiles, surveying the jutting stones for the best route to climb. To plummet would mean death.

Contemplating all the naughty things I'm going to do to my sister yields me the courage to begin the perilous ascent up the tall tower. I leap and spring from stone to stone, claws clutching, winding my way up and up until I reach the balcony of my sister's bedchamber.

Nudging my snout through the heavy curtains, I peek inside. Though Roisin's chamber is dim, I can see everything clearly. Her small sylphlike shape is visible under the scarlet satin sheets of her canopy bed. With a sniff, I determine there are no royal guards stationed outside her barred door.

I slink inside and, with a suppressed snarl, shift back into my anthropomorphic half-vulpine state. Confiscating two curtain ropes, I creep over to her bed and carefully pull down the sheets, unveiling Roisin's sleeping form. She's wearing a short frilly nightgown the color of violets, the fabric a fine silk.

My bratty baby sister looks absolutely adorable as she sleeps. Her cheeks are rosy, her lips pouty, and her button nose is speckled with freckles. I wish to kiss her luscious mouth nearly as much as I wish to stuff it with my thick prick. Her ginger hair flows the length of her slender back. Her big wide eyes, hidden behind closed lids, are shimmering blue like polished sapphire gems. Her supple breasts are but small peaks at this point, topped with tiny pink nipples. Her narrow waist gives way to curvaceous hips and a nicely rounded rump, her taut buns like two soap bubbles that I wish to spank.

We played together every day of our youth until Roisin began blossoming into a woman and then she took to teasing and taunting me instead. We will see how jeering she is once her belly is round with my pups!

Using a curtain rope, I bind her ankles so she has no ability to flee. Rolling her onto her taut tummy with caution, I bind her wrists behind her back. I pull up her nightgown and peel down her purple panties, exposing her bubbled buns that beg for a beating.

Nuzzling my nose between her firm cheeks, I inhale deep with a serene sigh, relishing the arousing aroma of her teeny rosebud and tiny flower, causing my cock to engorge. I lap my long tongue in the deep crack of her cheeks, tasting her delicious bud and she giggles groggily.

Pulling at her bindings, Roisin looks back with a wide-eyed expression of shock and horror.

My voice gravelly, I threaten, "If you scream, little princess, I'll tear out your throat."

She whimpers, "Who are you?!"

I offer a sardonic smirk. "Tonight I am your master and you are my slave."

Roisin storms, "What do you want from me, you *fiend*?!"

"To use and abuse you."

"Why are you doing this?!"

I grin. "Because I can."

She whines, "Don't do this! I beg of you, *please*!"

I climb over her, plop on her pillow and slap her face with my erection.

Her sapphire eyes go cross and her jaw drops in a gasp at the startling sight of my proud prick, so long, thick, and rigid.

I chuckle. "Don't just gawk at it, suck it, you little *bitch*."

Roisin shakes her head. "I will never ever!"

"Oh, you most definitely will."

She spits up at me. "I will bite it off!"

I lick her savory saliva from my snout. "If you bite me, I'll bite you, then you'll become a were-fox."

Roisin balks, "You wouldn't dare! I'm princess of the greatest kingdom in all the land!"

"All the more reason to disgrace you, my little *whore*."

She sneers, "I am pure!"

"All the more reason to defile you in every way."

Roisin cries, "You'll never get away with this, you *beast*!"

"You have no clue who I am, my little *slut*."

"My father will send every able-bodied man into the dark wood to hunt you down!"

"He is welcome to try, but if he does, every soul in the kingdom will hear of your scandalous defilement. Then no prince will ever take you for their bride."

"If it means your execution, I'll gladly marry my brother! He would never reject me!"

Her retort steals my breath. It must be a bluff! She would never marry me! Her attitude toward me is always one of mischievous mockery!

Curling my clawed fingers into her hair, I take a stern grip and force her face into my lap, cramming my cock into her mouth. "Suck my prick, you *tart*!"

Roisin squeals around my erection stretching her lips as I bob her head, but she does not suck as ordered.

Reaching forward, I smack her bare bottom, the stinging slap resounding off the stone walls as her taut cheeks clench and her bound feet kick.

She scowls up at me with furious resentment as tears stream down her rosy cheeks.

"You're going to suck my prick or I'm going to beat your round ass beet-red."

Her expression of fury does not waver and her squealing mouth does not suckle, so I reach forward again and spank her right cheek and then her left cheek, back and forth, again and again, hard and fast, as she shrieks around my rod ramming the back of her throat!

Her bubbled buns are crimson and welted before she finally submits to my demand, sucking and slurping as she sobs.

As I bob her head, I groan, "That's my good *trollop*, sucking my fat cock. Your mouth feels absolutely divine. You were born for this."

This is the end of the free preview of [The Princess and the Fox](#).
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